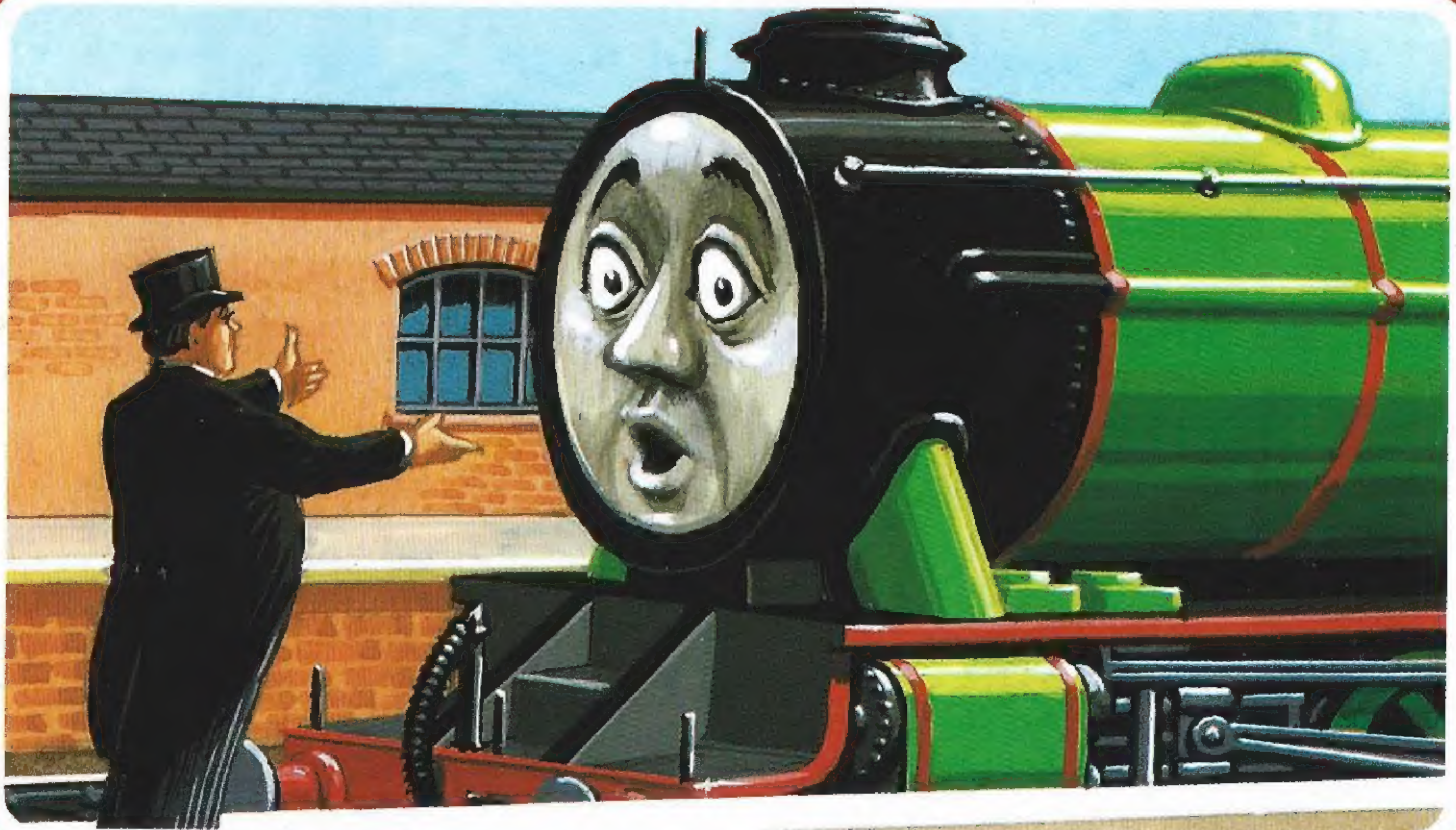


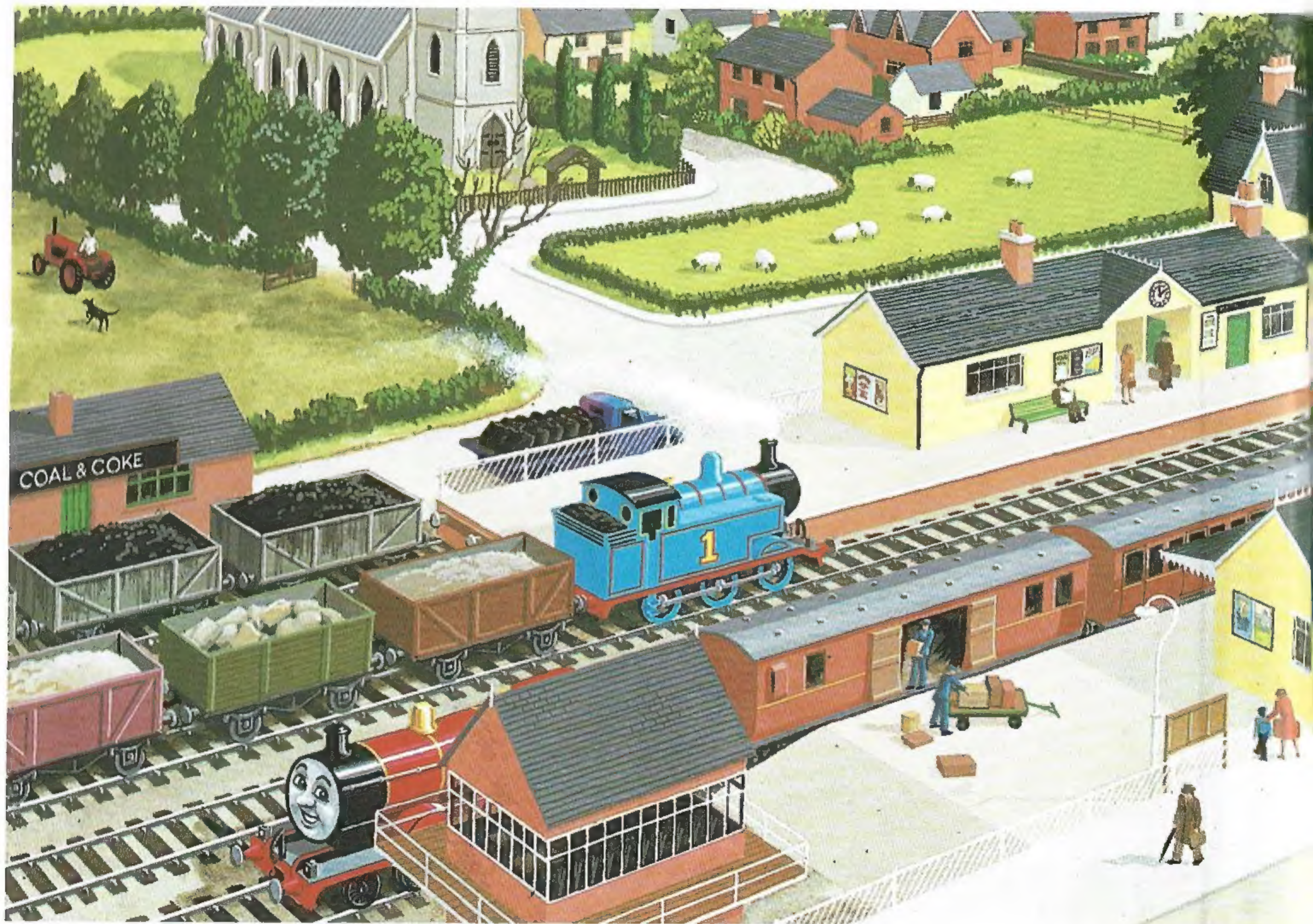
THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 37

# *Henry and the Express*

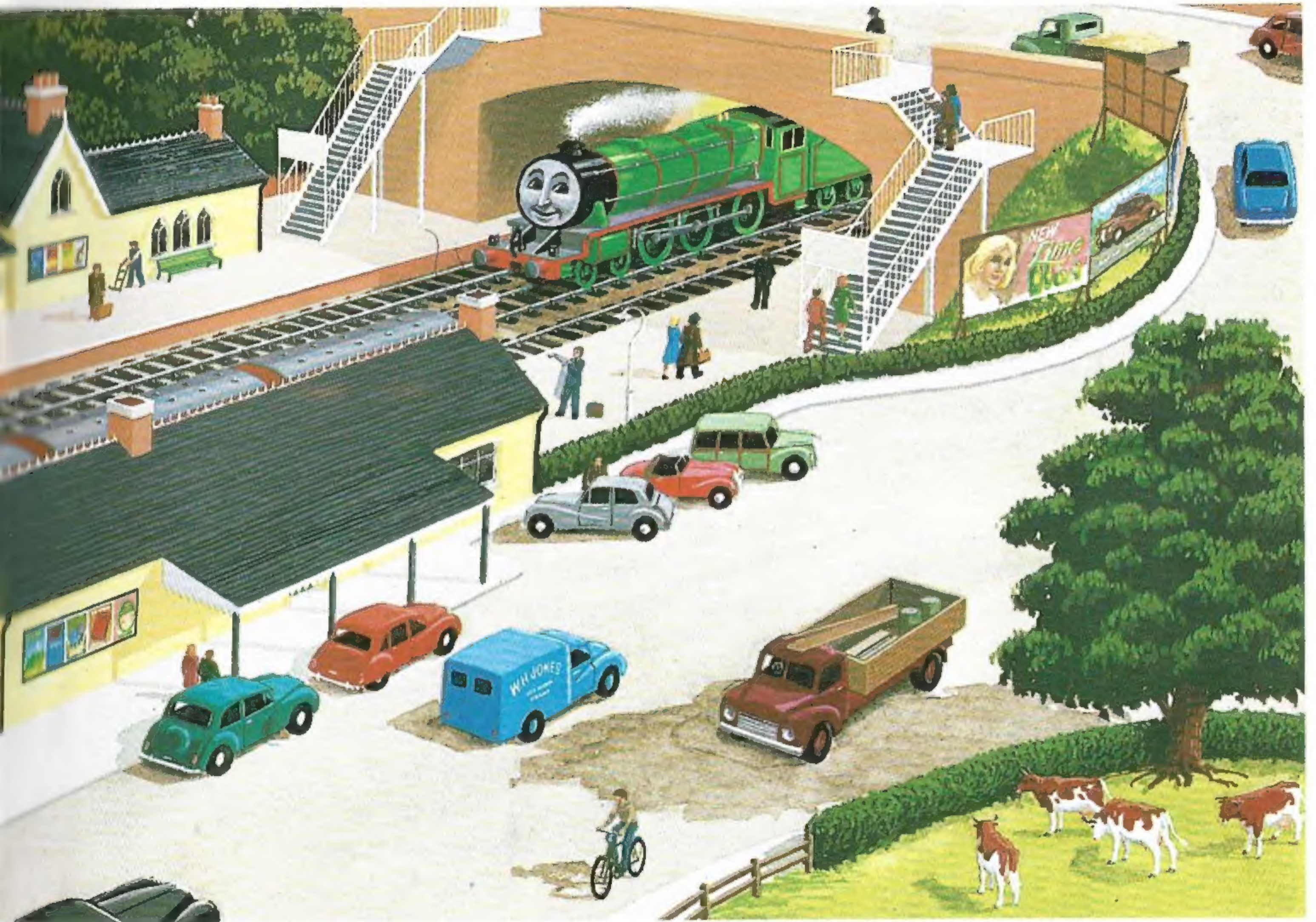


CHRISTOPHER AWDRY











## Titles in this series

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| 2. Thomas the Tank Engine         | 21. Main Line Engines                 |
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THE RAILWAY SERIES NO. 37

*Henry and the Express*

CHRISTOPHER AWDRY

with illustrations by

CLIVE SPONG

HEINEMANN · LONDON

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## Foreword

Dear Friends,

When I went to see Henry recently he was moaning about not having a book to himself for ages.

“Yes,” I agreed. “There’s the story about patching up your smokebox . . .”

“And the time my wheel broke,” he interrupted.

“What about when you came out of the Works before you’d been properly painted?” I said.

“You wouldn’t . . . !” he said.

But I would and I have. It might teach Henry not to try to tell me what to do.

THE AUTHOR

## **Out Of Puff**

The Express is a long, heavy train. Gordon usually pulls it, but only as far as the Other Railway. Another engine takes the coaches from there to London.

It is an important train too, and must always run, whatever happens. If Gordon is ill, or busy somewhere else, James or Henry have the chance to pull it.

They try their best, and do it well. Too well, perhaps, because sometimes the importance of the occasion goes to their smokeboxes and makes them boastful.







One day Henry was feeling pleased with himself. He had run the Express to time, and the Fat Controller had congratulated him.

“I don’t know what the Fat Controller would do without me,” he said importantly in the Shed that evening.

“Hae a care,” warned Douglas. “Too much puff about yoursel’ and ye’ll mebbe run oot of puff one day.”

“Pooh!” scoffed Henry. “I pulled two trains *and* a failed diesel once, and the Fat Controller said I was an Enterprising Engine.”







“Aye, I mind it well,” agreed Donald. “I took the goods train on, ye recall. But Dougie is right – puff goes before a fail.”

The Scottish twins were wasting their own puff, of course, because Henry took no notice whatsoever.

A little later the railway had to begin using a new sort of coal. It was dusty, and burned with clouds of thick black smoke. The Fat Controller was cross, and the engines didn’t like it either.

“Filthy rubbish,” they grumbled.







The new coal made more ash too. Before long all the engines began to have pains in their smoke-boxes. Hot ash collected there, and gave them the most awful indigestion.

One evening Henry felt dreadful when he got back to the Shed. His fireman had to clean an enormous pile of ash from his smokebox before he felt better.

But the next day Henry could not make steam properly. He struggled to Edward's station, but could go no further.







Douglas was there. “I can’t breathe,” Henry wheezed.

“Oot o’ puff, are ye?” asked Douglas. “Dinna say we didna warn ye.”

Henry couldn’t answer – Douglas took his train for him.

The fireman cleared away more ashes, but when he tried to close Henry’s smokebox door it did not make the airtight fit that it should have done.

“Those hot ashes have bent your smokebox door,” he said. “Air is coming in so that you can’t breathe properly through your fire. But I know how we could cure that.”







He filled a bucket with water. Then he fetched all the old newspapers he could find from the station bookstall. The driver helped him tear them into strips, which they soaked in the water.

“What are you doing?” asked Henry anxiously.

“Making something called *papier maché*,” explained the driver. “When this paper is soggy enough, we shall paste it in your airleak, so that you can breathe better. It won’t last for ever, but it will get us home.”

“Oh,” said Henry unhappily.





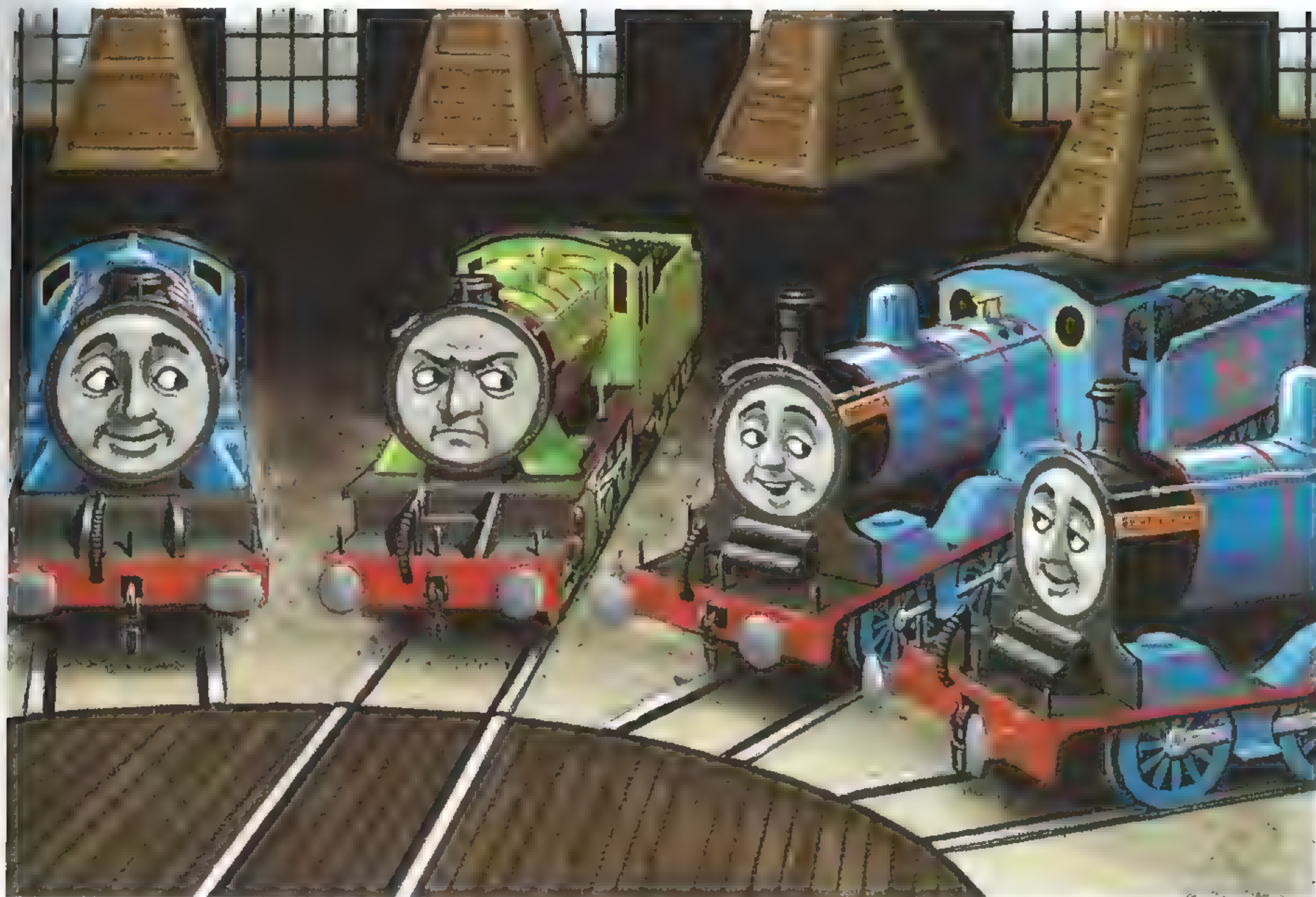


His driver was right. When the job was done, Henry felt much better, and even the driver and fireman were surprised how well he steamed.

“We’ll have to get the Fat Controller to make it permanent,” they joked.

Henry went very carefully and reached the Shed without mishap. His story was there before him, of course. Donald and Douglas didn’t say anything, but now and then made sort of breathless, puffing noises. Henry thought they must have a very odd sense of humour.







## **Overhaul**

“What you need Henry,” the Fat Controller told him, “is an overhaul.”

“Yes, Sir,” agreed Henry. “Does that mean I’ve got to go away to Crewe again, Sir?”

The Fat Controller laughed.

“Not this time,” he said. “You won’t believe this, Henry, but nowadays the people at Crewe couldn’t do the work you need.”

Henry stared, and the Fat Controller laughed again.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “We can do everything at my Works – all I have to do is get you there.”





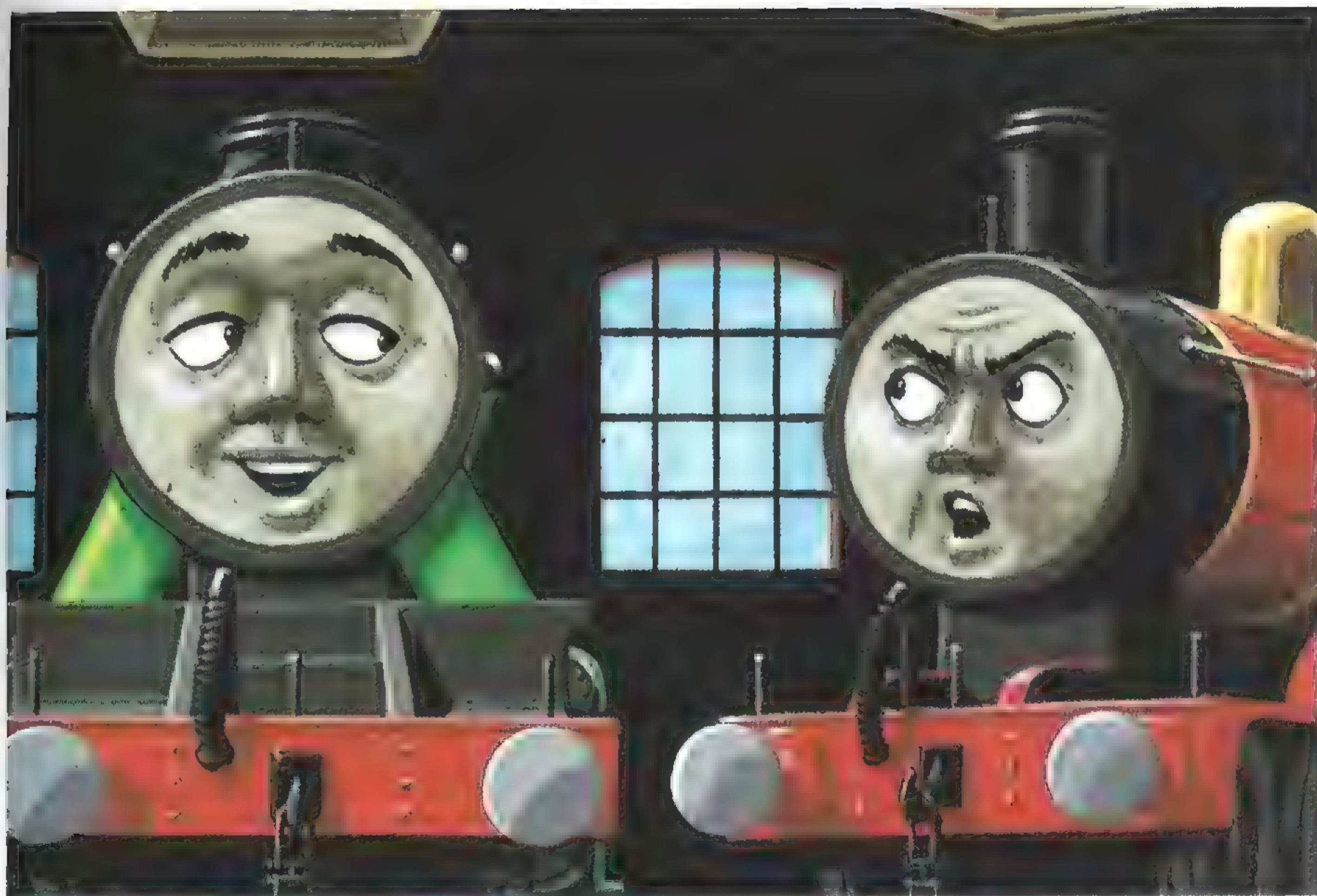
“If James takes the Express tomorrow,” went on the Fat Controller, “we can couple you in front. Do what you can to help, and you can go to the Works in style.”

Henry told James that night.

“Help me!” James snorted. “I don’t need help – I can pull the Express by myself, thank you. Overhaul indeed! Two engines on one train is an over-haul, if you ask me.”

But the Fat Controller had already made the arrangements, so there was nothing James could do about it.





Next morning James backed on to the coaches in the Big Station. Henry followed and was coupled in front.

James was not in the best of tempers, but when the Fat Controller came to see them off, James tried not to show how cross he was.

“Good luck, Henry,” said the Fat Controller. “The people at the Works know what to do, so you won’t be there too long. James and Bear will take turns with the Express when Gordon is busy.”





The Express only stops once before it reaches the Other Railway, and that is at the Works station. Because of his leaky smokebox Henry could not help very much, but he saved his hardest effort for Gordon's Hill. The two engines raced up it faster than they had ever done. When they reached the top, James was feeling better.

"That was fun," he said. "We might even be early at the Works station – we shall need extra time to uncouple you anyway."

James spoke too soon.

They had just crossed the viaduct when Henry felt something wrong with one of his wheels.





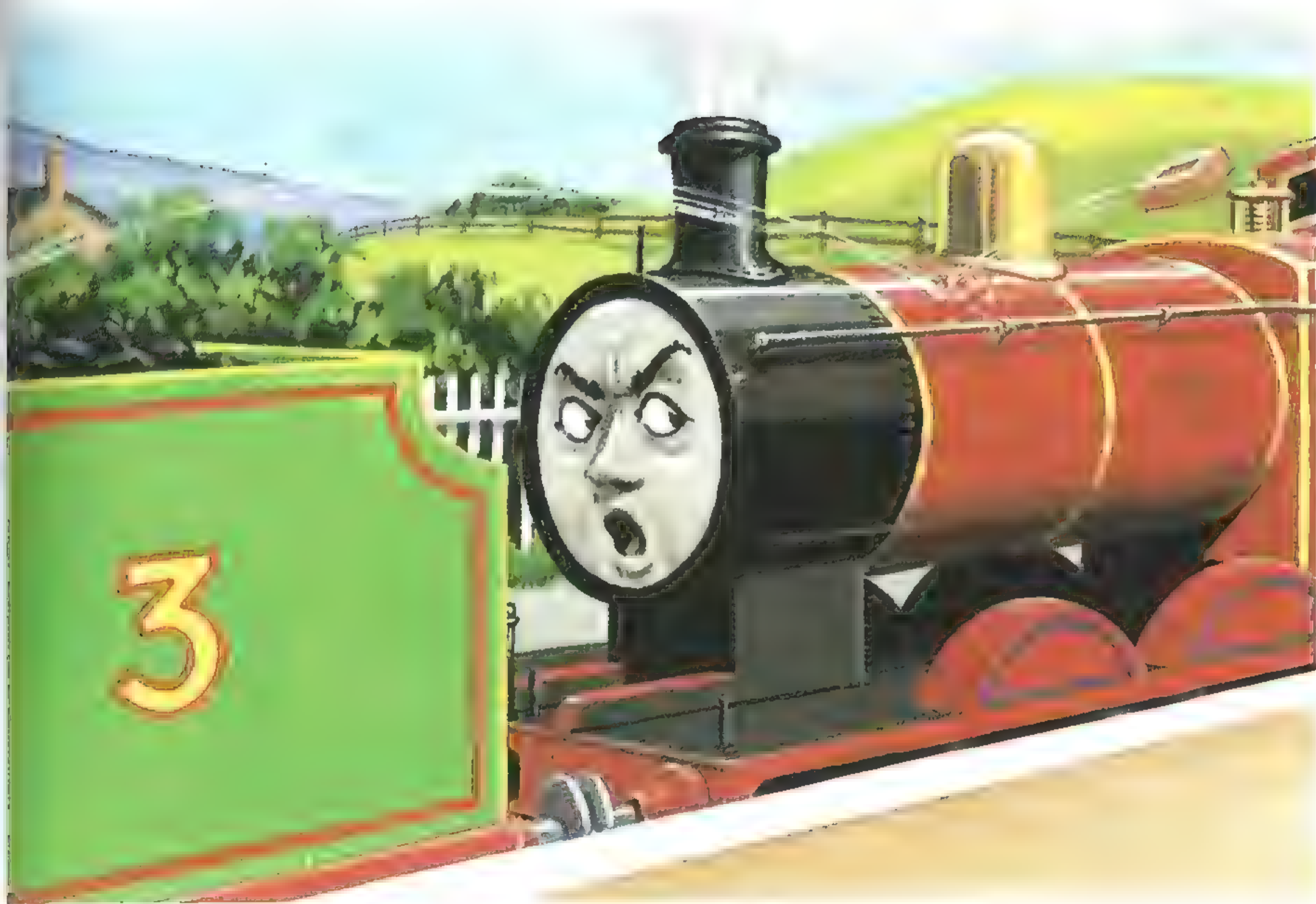
“Something’s wobbling,” he told his driver. Just then they both heard a cracking noise.

“Ouch!” exclaimed Henry. “Whatever it is, I think it’s broken!”

They were passing a station. Something hit the platform, and a brick flew past Henry’s cab. It bounced off James’s boiler and disappeared.

“Ow!” exclaimed James. “Henry might need mending, but he needn’t throw his broken bits at me!”



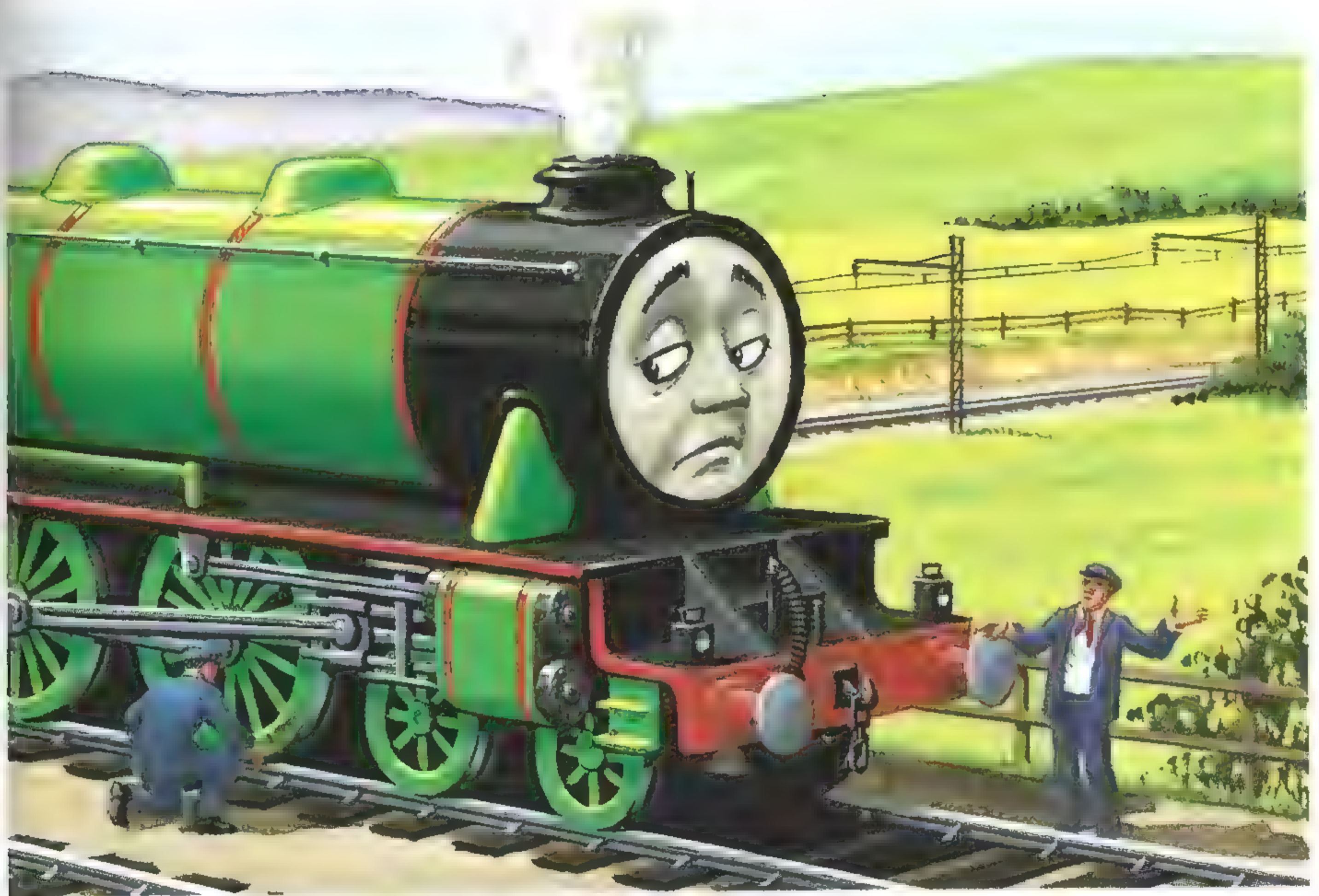


Just then, James and his driver heard Henry whistling to warn them that he wanted to stop. More bits and pieces flashed by, some hitting the carriages.

Using the brakes skilfully, the drivers stopped the train. Then, while the Guard made sure that the train was protected behind, James's driver went to see if any passengers had been hurt by the flying debris. No one had, but one of the carriage windows was broken.

Henry's crew inspected his wheel. The trouble was not hard to find.





“Your wheel has a steel rim called a tyre,” Henry’s fireman told him. “It has broken and come off—it’s a miracle it didn’t do more damage.”

James pushed Henry into a siding, and went back to the train.

“An overhaul, is it?” grinned James as he passed. “It sounds as if you need retiring, you poor old thing.”

He guffawed loudly at his own wit and puffed away.

Henry smiled to himself.

“I don’t know about retiring,” he chuckled. “I certainly feel tired.”





## **Sliding Scales**

Because Henry was at the Works the other engines had to help with ‘The Flying Kipper’ too. This is a special train of vans filled with boxes of fish, which goes to markets in London and other places on the mainland.

James did not like ‘The Flying Kipper’.

“All those smelly vans,” he complained one morning. “You can’t get the smell off your tender for weeks.”

“I’m very fond of a good kipper,” remarked his driver.

“You’re welcome to it,” retorted James.





“A right old misery today, aren’t you?” said his fireman. “You got out of the shed by the wrong door this morning, and no mistake. Now get a move on, or the Fat Controller will give you something to moan about.”

Groaning horribly on the curves, James went slowly down to the harbour. The vans for the train were already in the shed, while men in aprons worked busily, loading them with boxes of fish.

“Pooh!” said James, wrinkling his nose.





James was coupled to the vans. He had not been waiting long when a forklift truck, laden with fishboxes, rounded the corner and came towards him. Another, hurrying away for a new load came too fast in the opposite direction.

The loaded one swerved to avoid the other one and its heavy load shifted. Six full boxes slipped from the top of the pile and burst open on the rails in front of James.

James closed his eyes in horror.

“Ugh!” he shuddered.





Broken fish and boxes lay everywhere. For once James was right – the smell was not nice.

Luckily there was plenty of time for the men to clear up the mess before James had to leave.

“A good job the boxes didn’t fall on you, James,” said his driver, winking at the fireman.

James shuddered again. The idea was too awful to think about.

At last all was ready, and the Guard showed his green lamp.

“Thank goodness,” said James to himself.





There was a speed limit in the harbour area, so James could not start quickly. The train seemed heavier than usual tonight too, so that when he reached the spot where the fishboxes had burst, he was moving at no more than walking pace.

The rails seemed clean, but oil and scales from the spilt fish were still there, coating them with a slippery film. As soon as James reached the place, his driving wheels, with nothing to grip, began to spin helplessly.





James did his best, but the heavy vans dragged him to a standstill. He found he could move neither forward nor back.

“Fish!” exclaimed James in disgust.

Men brought hoses and washed the rails: James grew very wet and uncomfortable. Then they put sand on the rails in front of each driving wheel, and James was at last able to move his train.

He was very late, but at least he was off the fish quay. To say he was glad would be putting it mildly.





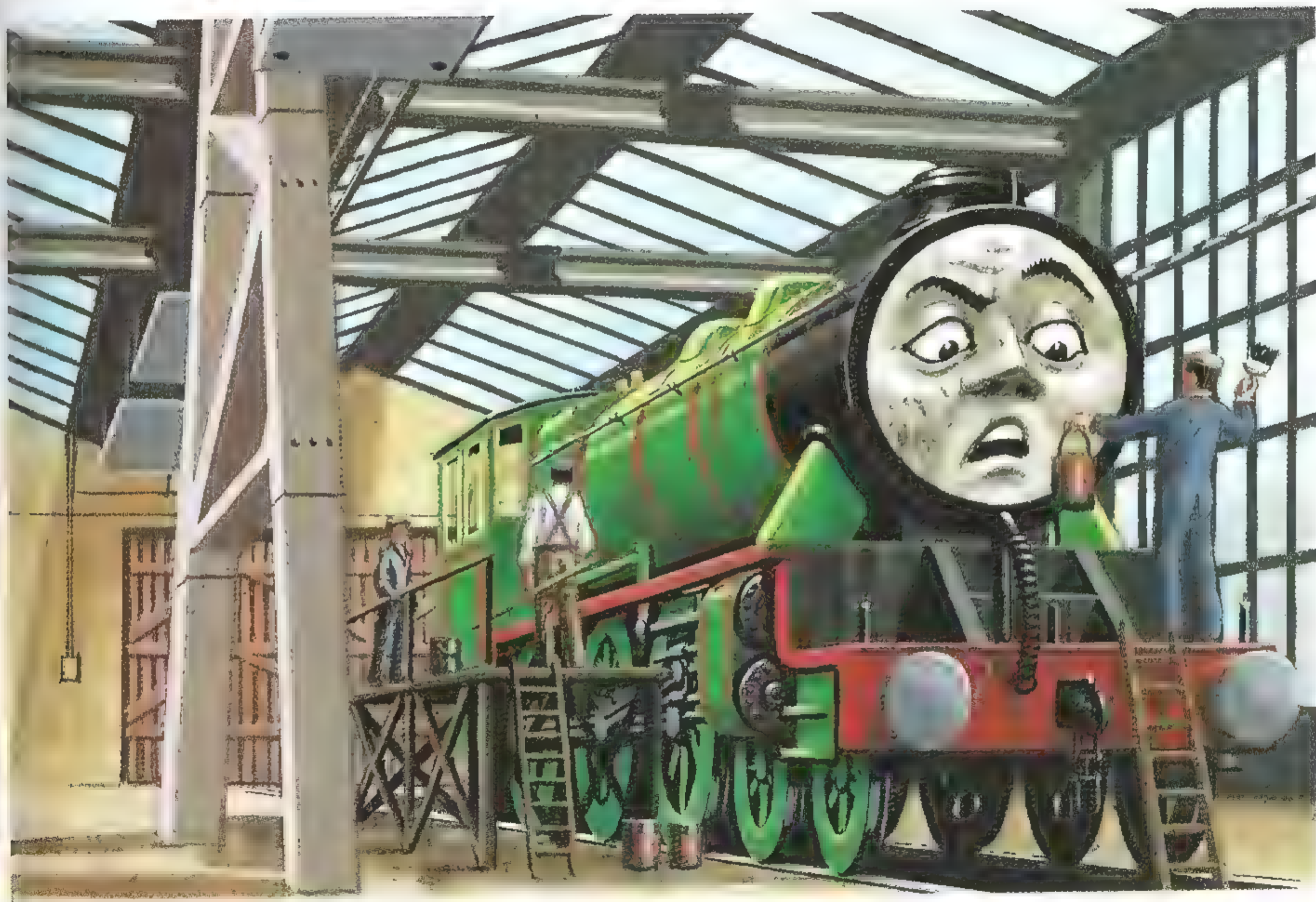
## **Henry Sees Red**

Henry found life boring at the Works. The men worked hard to make him better, but it seemed ages before he was ready. At last however, when he had passed the tests to make sure he was mended properly, men came to repaint him.

But Henry saw that instead of nice green paint they had something very different in their paint pots.

“That’s not right,” protested Henry. “The Fat Controller wants me to be green with red stripes, not red all over like . . . like tomato sauce.”





The painters laughed.

“You’d look very handsome, Henry,” they said, “but don’t worry, this paint is a special sort of undercoat. You shall have proper green with red stripes before we’ve finished.”

“Undercoat!” muttered Henry in disgust. “Whatever would the other engines say if they saw me looking like this?”

The men laughed, and carried on painting.

Early next morning his driver came.

“Wake up, Henry,” he said. “There’s an emergency at the Big Station, and the Fat Controller says you’re to help.”





“But I can’t go like this!” exclaimed Henry.  
“They’ll all laugh like anything.”

“No choice,” said his driver. “The diesel pulling the Express has failed and the Fat Controller needs you to take over. It’s either us or a long walk for the passengers – and you know the Fat Controller wouldn’t like that.”

The fireman raised steam as quickly as he could, and Henry, blushing with embarrassment, set off for the Big Station. The Fat Controller was pleased to see him.





“I feel so silly, looking like this,” complained Henry.

The Fat Controller laughed.

“You do look unusual, Henry,” he agreed, “but you have helped me out of a very awkward situation, so don’t worry about it.”

But Henry did worry. Soon – too soon for Henry – it was time to start. The Express was heavy, and Henry quickly felt the drag of the coaches.

“We’ll need help on Gordon’s Hill today,” remarked his driver.

But they were in trouble earlier than that!

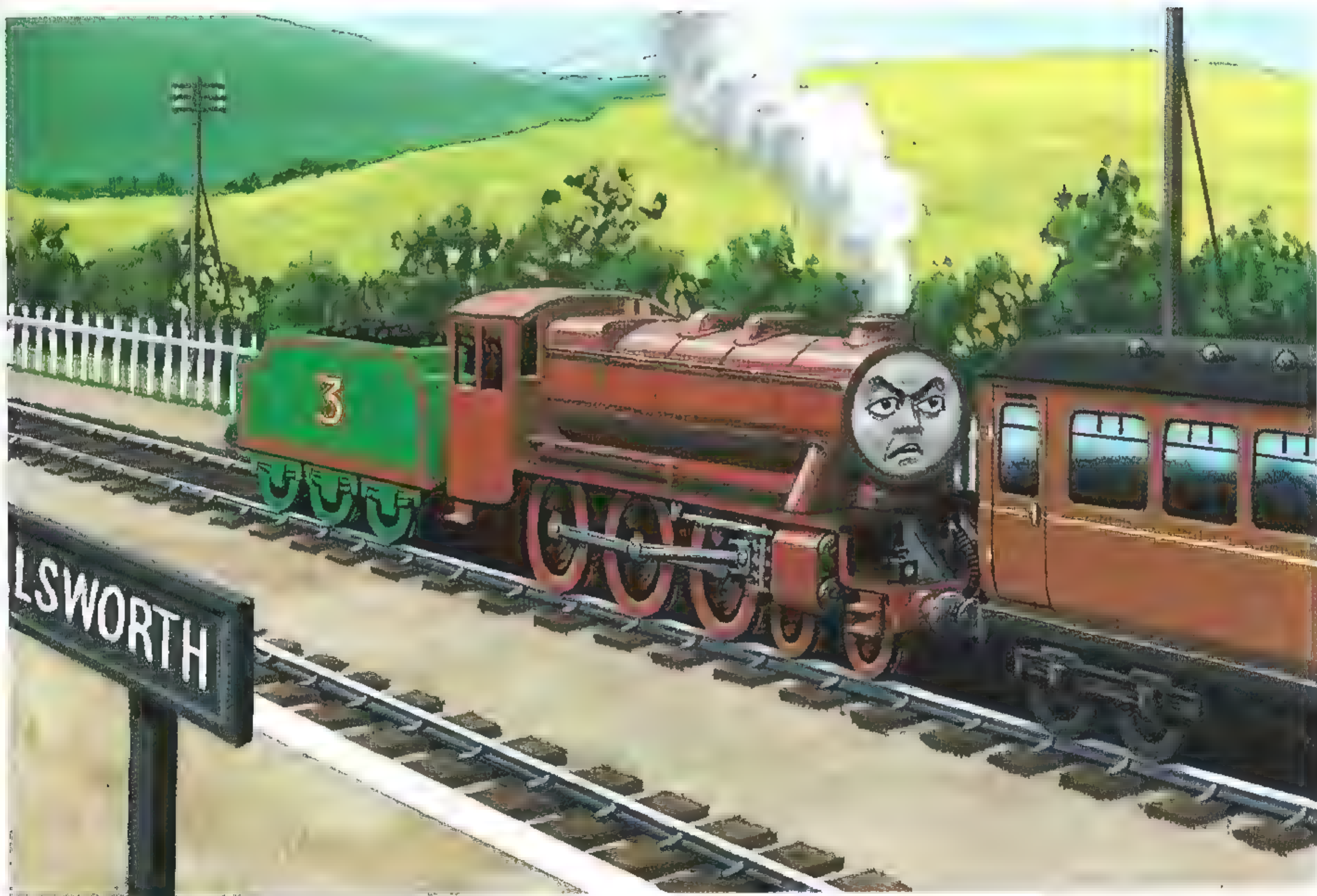




As they approached Edward's station the brakes went wrong on the last coach of the train, and they had to stop and uncouple it. To make matters worse, Donald, who should have been there to help, had been called away. Henry had to push the coach into a siding himself. And, without Donald, there was no one to help him on the hill.

"Never mind," comforted his driver. "You can do it – you're an Enterprising Engine, remember."

Henry snorted. He didn't feel very enterprising just then.





The men at the Works had mended Henry well. His driver gave him as good a start as he could: it was hard going, but now Henry felt fired with determination.

“Let them laugh at my red paint,” he snorted. “I’ll show them.”

Slowly he struggled upwards.

“I can do it, I can do it, I can do it,” he panted. “Oh dear, will the top never come?”

Then, suddenly, there it was.

“I’ve done it, I’ve done it, I’ve done it,” he puffed proudly.

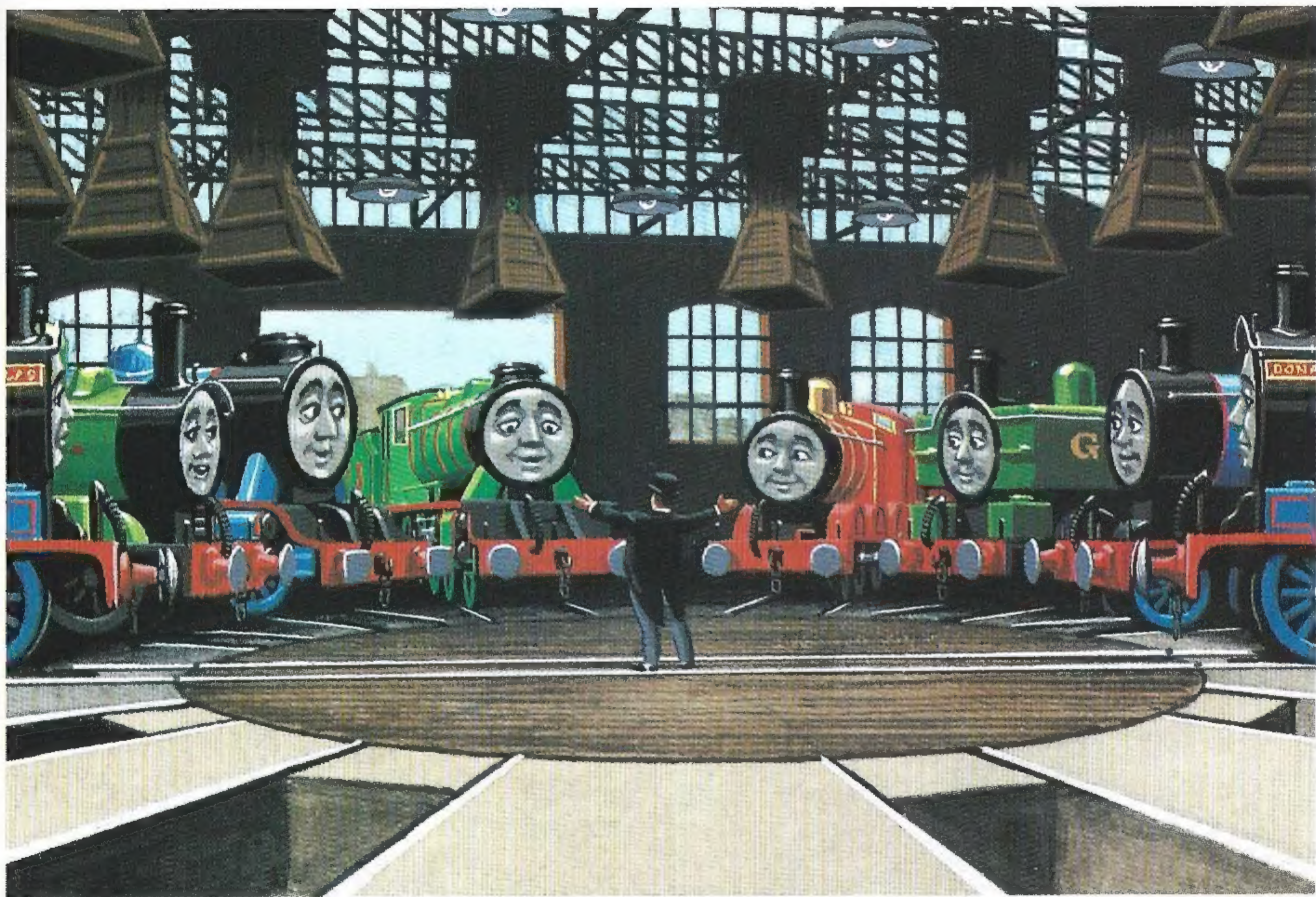


After that it was much easier, and they reached the Other Railway quickly. The Fat Controller, who had been on the train, came to congratulate Henry.

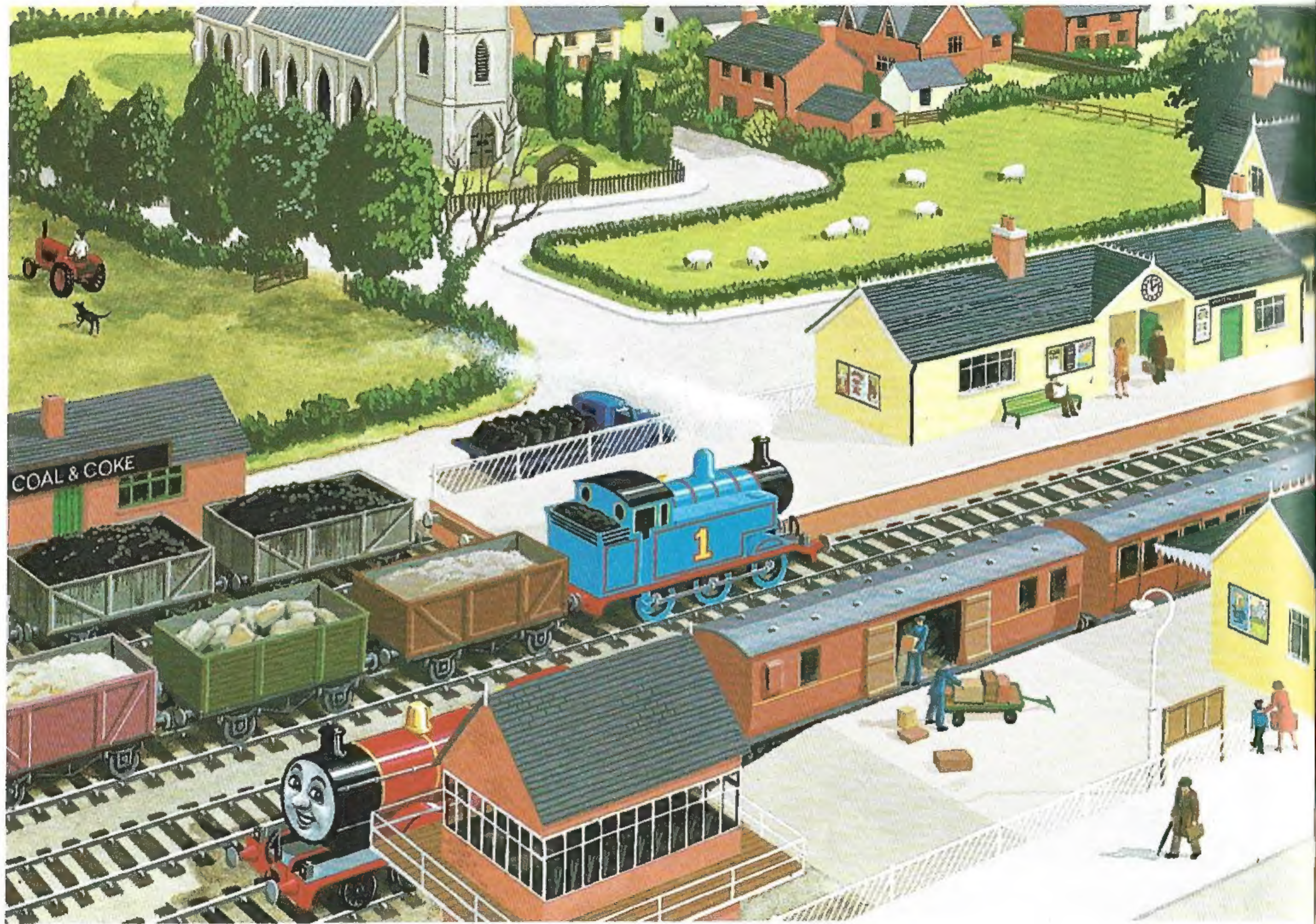
“Well done, Henry,” he said. “I’m very proud of you – perhaps all my engines should be painted red. But you have certainly earned your proper green with red stripes.”

Which, of course, is just what Henry got. And when he at last returned to the Shed, there was a warm welcome for Henry the Green Engine.

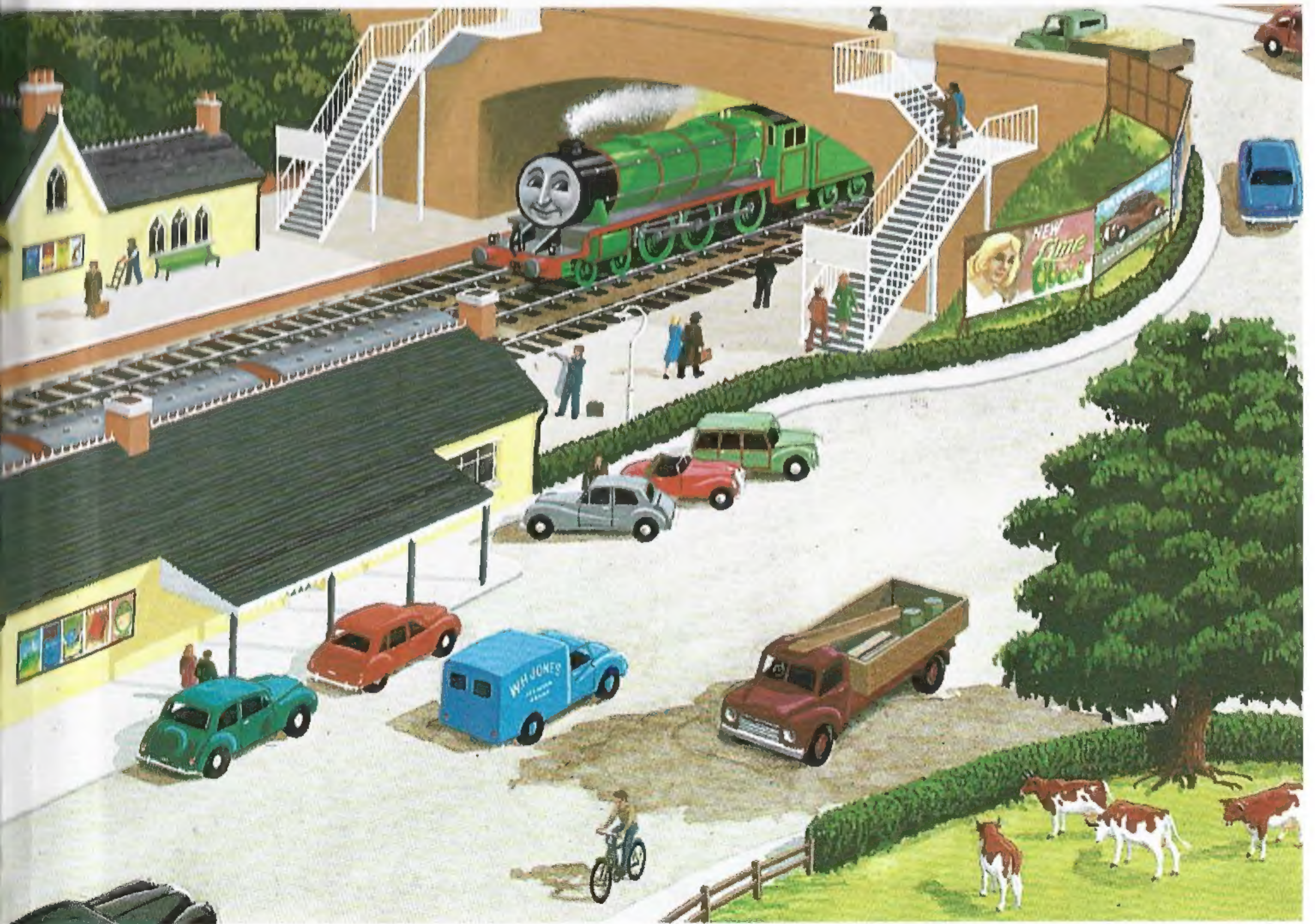










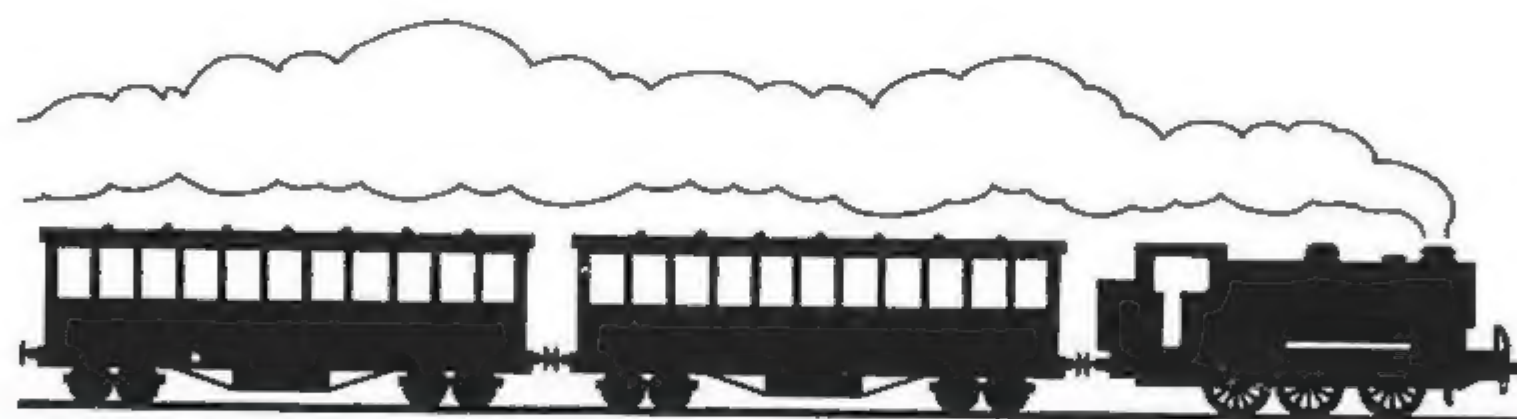




# ***Henry and the Express***

**CHRISTOPHER AWDRY**

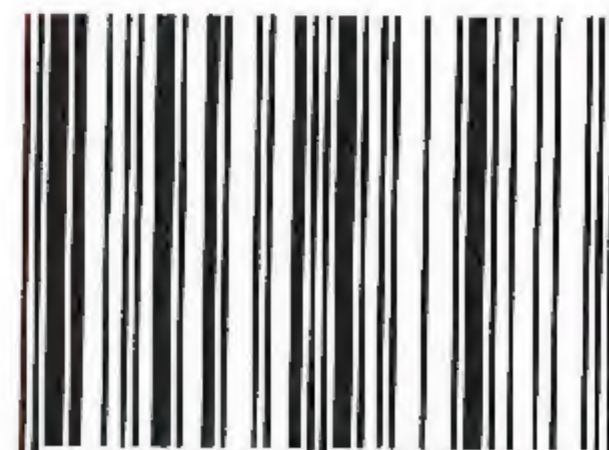
**Henry has been in trouble. He had a mishap, which meant he needed some repairs in the Fat Controller's workshops, and another while he was getting there. And there was a third incident, too, which most people found highly amusing. Henry, of course, did *not* think it was funny...**



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